

The CALDRON



MAY

PLAIN PRICE TICKETS ,

Assure the Same Price to All

Not in name alone is this store distinctive from others, but in its business policy it is also distinctive.

Just how does this distinctiveness effect you?

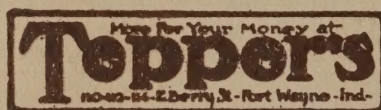
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Here all goods are marked with plain figure price tickets instead of code letters.

This Plain Price Ticket system enables you to know positively that the price YOU pay is the price YOUR NEIGHBOR PAYS. No favoritism is possible by salespeople in this store.

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Represents True Conservation

It combines the maximum of *Quality, Service and Appearance*
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Patriotism, good judgment and economy all sanction

WAYNE KNIT

Wayne Knitting Mills

FORT WAYNE,

INDIANA



THE Anthony Wayne Institute

respectfully solicits the patronage of members of the Fort Wayne High School and its Alumni. We ask for this patronage solely because we can render a service that is entirely superior to that obtainable elsewhere.

The Courses taught at the Anthony Wayne Institute are not to be excelled for completeness and thoroughness, and all graduates of this School are qualified to step out into the very finest positions, and to succeed rapidly.

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Subjects Taught

| | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|--------------|
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| Banking | Business Correspondence | Bookkeeping |
| Accounting | Mechanical Calculation | Comptometer |
| Dictaphonography | Business English | |

We are located at 226 West Wayne St., away from the noise and dirt of Calhoun St. Environment is stimulating, health properly protected, and the best results in every respect are guaranteed.

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YOUR STORE? WE KEEP ABREAST OF
THE TIMES AND OUR EXPERIENCE
HAS TAUGHT US HOW TO
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Just Right Clothes

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GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

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For both young ladies and gentlemen. A selection of
clever designs at a range of prices to meet all purses.

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"Look for the Clock in the
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Engravings in one or more colors without apology to nature.

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And for those whose time is more valuable at something else, we also
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we urge that you advise us of your needs.

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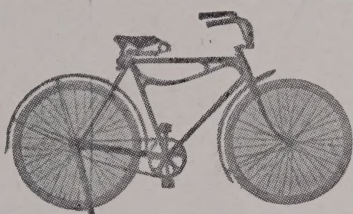
FORT WAYNE ENGRAVING CO.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

SMART FOOTWEAR FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN LEHMAN SHOE CO.

928 Calhoun St.

GOLDENS THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE

Reliable Jewelry
Watches and Diamonds
Waterman Ideal Fountain Pens
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Next to Jefferson Theatre



DON'T WALK
ECONOMIZE BY RIDING
CROWN BICYCLES

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ELMER E. DUNCKLEE

614 Clinton Street

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BEWARE!

He swept the bank out daily,
As office boys must,
'Til in his zeal he finally
Departed with the dust.

New Shirts with Collars to match.
Smart patterns, \$1.50 to \$5.00.—PAT-
TERSON-FLETCHER CO.

A LITTLE ADVICE

Oh, Honeck, my darling,
Just listen to this song;
Maybe your saxaphone's all right,
But we know that you're all wrong.

* * *

Crawford: "They say corporations
have no souls."

Simpson: "How about the shoe trust?"

Carl Vandagriff, U. of Ill., '07

Carl Burlage

THE ACADEMY --- *Billiards and Bowling*

14 Tables—11 Alleys
Finest Equipment in the City

A STRICTLY HIGH-CLASS PLACE

124-130 Washington Boulevard West

Of Interest to High School Students

Delicious light lunches are now being served at the Soda Fountain, on Main Floor, where one may order sandwiches, salads and coffee, in addition to frozen desserts and our own home-made pastries. The service is very prompt.

Wolf & Dessauer
Corner Calhoun and Washington Streets

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES

Full of Pep

in a large variety of models and
priced much lower than elsewhere



TRIVER'S

924 Calhoun

To the Boys of Fort Wayne High School:

If, when you are in need of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Hose or Sweaters, you want the best at the lowest fair prices; if you want style, at least six months before any other Fort Wayne store, will give them to you. Go to.

TOD'S---814 Calhoun Street

Where the Styles Come From

ROMARY BALLET SCHOOL

**Toe, Classic and Ball Room
Dancing**

**Studio also rented for Private
Dances and Parties, etc.**

1132 Calhoun St.

Phone 4420

After Graduation—What?

AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

| Occupations: | 1st Year | 2nd Year | 3rd Year | 4th Year | 5th Year |
|--|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Insurance Agents | \$1,665 | \$1,150 | \$1,480 | \$1,908 | \$2,708 |
| College Teachers and Officials | 1,376 | 945 | 1,001 | 1,093 | 1,419 |
| School Teachers and Officials | 988 | 1,118 | 1,324 | 1,456 | 1,500 |
| Social or Religious Workers..... | 924 | 1,100 | 1,400 | 1,404 | 1,766 |
| Farmers and Ranchmen | 893 | 1,200 | 1,866 | 1,600 | 2,400 |
| Government Employees | 825 | 860 | 1,165 | 1,575 | 2,650 |
| Real Estate Dealers | 825 | 1,100 | 1,750 | 2,140 | 2,550 |
| Musicians | 750 | 1,100 | 1,450 | 1,700 | 1,350 |
| Advertisers and Publishers | 730 | 1,202 | 1,702 | 2,792 | 3,600 |
| Business Men | 717 | 885 | 1,246 | 1,657 | 1,967 |
| Journalists | 660 | 790 | 821 | 920 | 1,168 |
| Engineers | 650 | 942 | 1,352 | 1,286 | 1,702 |
| Manufacturers | 602 | 1,185 | 1,639 | 2,100 | 2,485 |
| Brokers | 537 | 1,376 | 2,086 | 2,237 | 2,695 |
| Bankers | 510 | 938 | 1,170 | 1,472 | 2,112 |
| Graduate Students | 487 | 542 | 425 | 447 | 370 |
| Lawyers | 358 | 339 | 608 | 927 | 1,244 |
| Foresters | ... | ... | 1,100 | 1,300 | 1,500 |
| Average—All Occupations | \$740 | \$968 | \$1,286 | \$1,522 | \$1,885 |
| Total Replying | 131 | 151 | 160 | 17 | 184 |
| Average for all occupations—five-year period | \$1,280.82 | | | | |
| Average Insurance Agents—five-year period | \$1,872.33 | | | | |

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was average by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence, in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed. Endowed with these prerequisites the man or wo-

man who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and supervised by a superior officer. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

CONSIDER WHAT FUTURE PROFESSION YOU WILL ENTER
THE LIFE INSURANCE PROFESSION IS BEST

LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Youthfully Smart Coats of the Season



¶ Simplicity combined with unmistakable style is the secret of the popularity of these coats so strongly favored by Miss Manhattan.

¶ Come in and see the many other becoming coats and suits chosen for us in New York. They are new, stylish, well-made and moderate in price.

¶ See our wonderfully smart College Princess Dresses, designed for the school miss, the greatest hit of the large cities for the girl going to school and college.

*Chiffon Dance Frocks in all the
light colors, simple and pretty*

G. W. GATES & COMPANY

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For Women, Misses and Children

122 and 124 WEST BERRY STREET

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A. J. WILSON, Treas.-Mgr.

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THE CALDRON STAFF

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ATTENTION—ALL READERS!



ALL ACCOUNTS WITH THE CALDRON STAFF
MANAGEMENT MUST BE PAID BY JUNE 6.

THIS RULING APPLIES TO ALL ADVERTISERS,
AS WELL AS ALL TREASURERS OF CLASSES AND
SCHOOL SOCIETIES WHO ARE HAVING THEIR PIC-
TURES IN THE ANNUAL. BILLS WILL BE FURN-
ISHED BY THE EDITOR OR BUSINESS MANAGER.



Class Spirit

(By Cedric Oswald Paige.)

IT WAS a bright spring afternoon, at the end of the seventh period, when the plot was hatched. The dastardly deed was planned in one of those little groups you have noticed, which gather at the end of each period to argue and to discuss the latest news.

"I don't care what anyone says, we haven't any school or class spirit or we would show it by doing something," said Alfred Weil, a book-learned villain of the Senior class, to a group of arguing classmen with whom he had been talking.

"Well, gee whizz, what more do you want us to do?" inquired Gieser, hotly. "Haven't we got athletics, not only a varsity basketball team, but also our class teams, which many towns don't have? Aren't the Sorosis, Plat, and Math Clubs as good as you can find anywhere. What more do you want?"

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of stuff," Weil replied quickly. "Those things are all right. I mean that we should do something like they do in books—tack our class colors to the flagpole or something that way. Why, I read once of how they painted their colors all over everything; on the blackboards, on the floor, and anyplace they could think of, and after that they had the loveliest class fight imaginable. If we could only do something like that, it would be such sport!" Weil stretched himself to his

full height and tried to look fierce.

Then Campbell spoke up: "That would be nice, but what if we were caught?"

"There would be absolutely no sense in being caught if we exercised the proper precautions," Morrill explained, blandly.

"I suppose that's so," Campbell replied, "still it might not be so nice if it did happen to turn out that way."

"Why should we worry about a little thing like being caught?" encouraged Weil. "We aren't likely to be caught, and besides, if we are caught we shall know that we suffer for a good cause."

"I'm in for anything you fellows are," said Dutton. "What do you want to do?"

"It's all right, just so we don't do anything bad," decided Lockridge. "You know what I mean—in other words, just so we don't destroy anything."

"I don't think I want in on it," negatived Kappele. "What's the use anyway?"

"Why, to show our class spirit, of course," explained Weil.

"Oh, that's easy," replied Kappele. "Just study hard and get good grades. That's the way I do."

"Well, if you don't want in on this," Morrill cautioned, "you don't need to blow it all over."

"Don't worry, I wont," promised Kappele as he left for his next class.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Dutton again. "I haven't heard anything proposed yet."

"We might tack our colors to the flag pole like they do in books," Weil offered.

"That's too old," objected Gieser.

"Yes, we want to do something original," said Lockridge. "Besides, I think that the flag pole is iron."

"I'll tell you something that would be really original," exclaimed Dutton. "We could come some night and fill all of the picture frames with white cards with nineteen-nineteen painted on them in green and white chalk."

"That's just the stuff," said Lockridge eagerly. "And it won't do any damage either!"

After a little more arguing, everything was planned satisfactorily. The bunch was to meet on a certain night, get into the building by a way known to Gieser, and start to work. Morrill was to bring and carry a flashlight because he knew so much about electricity, Gieser was to make certain that the gang could get into the building, and the rest were to make the cardboard inscriptions of the proper size and bring some green chalk. Then, after they had all agreed not to say a word about the plan to anybody and, if questioned afterwards, to profess to know nothing of the whole affair, they separated and rushed for their classes down the ominously still halls.

On the evening set for the accomplishment of the plan, everyone was there at the corner of Calhoun and Lewis at ten, but Weil.

"Where's Weil?" asked Gieser. "I hope he hasn't lost his nerve and backed out."

"Oh, I don't think he has," Campbell replied. "He seemed very enthusiastic about it when we talked it over."

"You must remember that not everybody grows all to legs," Lockridge explained rather sarcastically, "and it takes those who haven't done that longer to get somewhere than it does you storks."

"Here he is now," broke in Morrill.

Everyone turned to see Weil hastening down the street toward them. When he had come up with the gang and they had started toward the school, he explained the cause of his delay. It seems that he had been consulting some of his

handbooks, when he discovered that they had overlooked something important. He noticed that the most successful heroes were those who either smoked a pipe or cigarettes, so he had stopped to buy a package of cigarettes for each of the bunch as he came through town.

After a short argument in which Weil explained that one package of cigarettes couldn't hurt anyone and that, since they were out to show their class spirit, they might as well do it right, each one accepted his package.

"Don't smoke them now or we shall be liable to be seen," Gieser cautioned as he led the way to the building.

When they were safely inside the building and everybody had "lighted up," Gieser had them stay in the basement while he went upstairs to look the ground over and see if anyone was around.

While he was gone the remaining five whispered or talked in a monotone between puffs. Morrill would occasionally flash the light for a fellow who wanted to get another cigarette, but except for that the darkness was so intense as to seem to push them together. Except for the glowing ends of the cigarettes the eye could not detect the presence of the boys.

After about five minutes of comparative silence Dutton suddenly said: "Say fellows, do you know, I kinda feel it in my bones that we aren't going to be able to pull this thing through as we have planned."

"If you didn't feel with your bones, I don't know what you would feel with," said Lockridge cuttingly. "Just the same, I feel a little that way myself."

"I never believed in that stuff before," said Campbell, "but I feel kinda funny, myself."

"Oh, come! Come! Let's not lose our nerves now," Morrill said. "Talk to them, Weil, and help cheer them up."

But Weil did not feel like talking so there was silence for a few minutes, broken only by the puffing as they smoked. Then Dutton broke it again: "Say, fellows, I feel sick. I feel just like

they say they feel when they have the flu, and it's come on sudden too. I'm going home."

"I'm sick, too," said Campbell. "I must have caught it at the same time Dutton did."

"I didn't want to say anything about it before but since you have mentioned it, I don't feel any too good, myself," said Lockridge.

"Nor I either," said Weil weakly. "We must all have the same thing."

Morrill turned the flashlight on each of their faces. "Oh, you'll feel all right when we start to work," he said. "All of you have that sickly green look that people have when they are scared."

"No, I'm not scared," remonstrated Dutton. "I know how that feels. I feel positively sick and it's getting worse every minute. I'm going home."

The rest announced a like intention, and started out in spite of Morrill's earnest protests. After they had gone Morrill spent the next few minutes in deep thought and when Gieser came back he had found the solution. He blamed himself for not thinking before of the

cause of the disaster. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he wailed. "I thought they knew better than to inhale that cigarette smoke. They should have blown out through the cigarettes instead of smoking in. What were they thinking of? They must have believed that they were a bunch of Pi Gammas and that they could smoke all they wanted to and not get sick. Why, I would have been willing to chew another piece of coal tar before I would have let this happen."

But the deed was done and there was no use in crying over a broken test tube, so Gieser interrupted:

"I didn't smoke any after I got upstairs because I didn't want to be seen. That accounts for my not getting sick. But let's not wait, let's go on up and do the work as we planned, even if the rest are gone."

"Let's not," said Morrill, decisively. "I feel a little sick myself and, besides, there's no fun in just two doing it. I'm going."

Morrill crawled out of the building and Gieser followed reluctantly.

Mother's Day

Here's to a mother, kind and true,
Who cheers you up when you feel blue;
Who continually guides your erring feet,
And all your problems helps to meet.
She loves you with the "Mother's Love,"
Second only to His above.
So all join in these words to say,
"Here's to her on 'Mother's Day'."

All your bad points she looks o'er,
When you cause her sadness and trials
sore;
She sets her aims high and ambitions,
too,
In the things she believes are worthy of
you.
She reaches out her helping hand
To make you reach a higher stand.
We shall always strive and forever pray
That it be to her on "Mother's Day."

—Bessie Banks, '19.

Timely Suggestions to Graduates

(By G. W. Gardner, President Anthony Wayne Institute.)



THE selection of a vocation confronts every young man or woman. Some solve the problem—some do not. It is to be regretted that very few young men or women give the matter serious or intelligent thought. The average career-seeker usually takes the first thing that presents itself, giving no thought at all to the future which the position offers, or to the opportunities for money making, the use of initiative, the possibilities of starting into business for one's self, or the ultimate result of experience.

The average young person starting in the world gives but very little thought to the value of time. Half of them reason like this: "Well, I am young and have a good many years ahead of me—what difference does it make what I take up now, I'll eventually get into something that I am fitted for." This kind of reasoning is ruinous, and it not only wrecks the lives of many bright and promising young men, but it develops in them an indifference as to results, an attitude of mind that every employer dislikes to encounter. Indifference kills all sense of responsibility, encourages the development of useless habits; leads young men to throw down the bars of morality and to dissipate themselves to the extent that higher ambitions and ideals are weakened and eventually killed.

A vigorous demand exists today for young men and women who are dominated by passions to accomplish something worth while. There can be no question about the presence of a great

many and a large variety of opportunities to give expressions to such ambitions and desires.

Life is becoming more complex; people need more to satisfy their wants. Surely every young person with a keen and vigorous mind, with initiative, with ambition, with an active imagination to visualize, can discover opportunity to satisfy some felt want on the part of people if he but looks. People want greater luxury, convenience, speed, novelty, new ideas, improvements and ability. Supply these and you will have found your opportunity.

I have always been vitally interested in young men and women. During the time I have been dealing with them, I have spent an unusual amount of time to the study of vocational guidance and the interpretation of talent. I have made a thoughtful analysis of young men and women who succeed, and of the qualifications they possess. It is my firm conviction that success is possible for everyone with a determination and a willingness to develop the qualities that, properly used, can result in none other than genuine success.

By success is not meant the accumulation of money; it means more, the complete development of all the positive qualities and the proper use of them in some line of work which renders a true service to humanity and accomplishes a legitimate, worthy end. If the faculties and talents are developed to this extent, and a truly worthy service rendered, then it naturally follows that the recompense will take care of itself and be in proportion to the service rendered.

My Heart, My Soul and I

(By His Excellency, Monsieur Charles Moravia, Minister from Haiti to the United States. Translated by the author from the French special for The Caldron.)

In the far past times of my dreamy
adolescence,
Some English artists sang once in my
presence,
And I yet sense afresh the imperishable
emotion
To which a simple romance gave birth
in my soul.

Of the things of which they sang in the
foreign tongue
I understood nothing—unless it were
through my heart;
Still, by their voices, now deep, now
light,
I realized that a Love wept amid that
choir:

Love of the native land, regrets and
homesickness,
Remembrances of the beloved one, He or
She,
Some sort of love sublime which, in the
widened soul,
Bewails itself while singing, and sings
while sobbing.

Little by little, the romance faded away
within me,
And I quite forgot all of that song, even
the tune;
But as it oft returned in the refrain, clear
ringing,
One verse alone, the last, still lingers in
my mind.

My soul understands, silencing itself in
hours of work,
Yet it sings anew in the short periods of
rest,
And often I strum, in moments of
reverie,
The last line of the refrain: "My heart,
my soul and I."

Amid the heavy tides of anguish on
which my sail went adrift,
With Despair seated at the helm,
How oft—beneath a starless sky, well
nigh engulfed in that sea of pain,
Were my heart, my soul and I!

Like to a radiant virgin amid rosettes
and flowers,
Which in a stained-glass window one
sees illumined,
Thou, the predestined, appeared to me
one day,
And to thee I gave my all: my heart, my
soul and Me!

Like to a sunrise spreading gold on a
battlefield,
Here gleams Happiness across my broken
dreams,
And forgetting all my sadness of the
past,
I feel—opening out and blowing wide—
my heart, my soul and I!

Yes, whether Love returns in me or flits
away,
My sky is all of blue when it is not all
dark;
From the greatest joy to the greatest
despair,
I am conscious suddenly of the passing
of my soul, my heart and I!

Happy or unhappy, whatever may be
the emotion,
It is with my whole being that I suffer
or that I love,
And that is why, oft times, I hum within
myself
The last line of the refrain: My heart
my soul and I!

HER ROMEO

(Lucile B. Miller, '19.)



MILDRED Fox and Dorothy Dean were sitting on the Fox veranda discussing the coming masquerade dance which Mildred was planning to give at her home. For some time neither spoke. At last Mildred's eyes sparkled with glee as she cried, "Oh, Dot, I have it. Romeo and Juliet!"

"That's a brilliant idea, Mid. Now the next question is, who will be my idea Romeo," said Dot, delighted at the idea of a little romance.

"Oh, never thee mind," mimicked Mid, merrily. "He will be there, clad in lover's robes, waiting for his Juliet."

"Yes," said Dot, "but don't you suppose for one minute that I will want something to say about who my Romeo shall be?"

"Well," answered Mid good-naturedly, "whom do you suggest?"

"I really ought to pick a tall, dark complexioned, handsome man, so how about Jackson Barford? He is the best looking boy in school and I'm sure he would be willing to be my Romeo," Dot added, showing her round dimples.

After Mid had called up "Jack" Barford and he had promised to be Dot's Romeo, she and Dot resumed their seats in the swing and both talked at once for about an hour, planning the decorations, amusements, etc. It was nearly six o'clock when Dot arose, gathered up her books and hat and with her usual "So long, Mid!" started home. Of course, she told her mother all about the party that was coming and about her Romeo.

The next week seemed ages to Dot. Every day after school she would sit on Mid's veranda and talk to her about that wonderful night that was soon to come. Mid was quite as anxious and excited over the affair as her chum, but the time flew for her, because every minute was taken up by her school work plus the preparations for the dance.

Friday, the day of the party, finally dawned. Dot's first sleepy glimpse of it

was full of golden sunshine, playing in and out of the bright foliage of the tree outside her window. Her first thought was about Mid's party and her Romeo.

She sang all the way to school, and could hardly stop when school began. Even that dreaded Latin prose couldn't smother her happiness. On her way home from school that evening she stopped in to chat with Mid, who hadn't been to school that day. She found Mid decorating the last room and softly humming to herself.

"Haven't you a balcony rigged up somewhere for me and my Romeo?" yelled Dot down the hall.

"No time for foolishness!" said Mid in mock severity, bringing her hammer down on a nail with a bang. "Roll up your sleeves and get busy." The two girls worked until late that evening, doing the last few things toward decorating.

When Dot reached home Mother was waiting at the door and reminded her that it was late and she would have to hurry. In spite of her mother's protests, she swallowed her dinner whole, and then ran upstairs to dress. By the time she had her blond curls arrayed satisfactorily and her dainty costume on, it was almost time to go. She danced back and forth and made eyes at herself in the mirror until the doorbell tinkled. Picking up her skirts, she skipped down the stairs like a bit of thistledown to meet her Romeo. As she opened the door he made a low, graceful bow and murmured, "Ah! Juliet," whereupon she laughed sweetly and offered her fingertips. After bidding her mother good-bye, they went out to the waiting car. It was not the gray roadster which "Jack" usually drove, but a great, shiny limousine. Dot was happy as could be as her Romeo helped her into his car and started the humming motor. She was silent most of the way over to Mid's house. She was thinking how handsome her Romeo looked in his costume. Although she didn't know it, he was thinking the same about her. Wouldn't the

girls be jealous when they found out that she, Dorothy Dean, was accompanied by the best looking boy in school? And to think he had come after her in his limousine. Her thoughts were interrupted by a deep bass voice: "We are here, Juliet."

The house was swarming with young folks and their merry laughter rang out in all parts of the house, when Dot entered with her Romeo. All eyes were gazing admiringly upon them. Everyone knew "Dot" by her blond curls, but no one could make out whom she was with. Hitherto she had gone to all the social functions with Robert Kimmel, and he was short.

During the whole evening Dot's Romeo was by her side. She was wild with happiness when she found out he would dance with no one but her, and happier still to discover that he was a splendid dancer.

The time finally came to unmask. As she reached up to take off her mask, two hands gently pulled hers down and the mask was lifted from her eyes. She dared not look up. Why didn't he say something? With blushing cheeks and heart beating wildly, she looked up into the—into the face of, not handsome Jack Barford, but the face of a man who was not a bit good looking and whom she did not know. What did this all mean? Had Mill, her dearest friend, played this awful joke on her, or had Jack sent this man in his place? Why, she had been talking and laughing and dancing with a strange man all evening. She suddenly realized that she had been staring up at him like an idiot.

"I—you—we—" stammered Dot, but the strange young man interrupted by saying:

"You need not explain. I will do the explaining. In case the shock is too great, it is best that we sit down." Smiling pleasantly, he led the way into the drawing room, which at that moment was deserted. When Dot was seated he began: "I guess I had better tell you who I am before I begin explaining. My name is Willard. I am visiting my uncle, Mr. Willard, who, you probably know, lives right next door to Mid Fox.

You see, the first day that you and Mid were discussing the party, I happened to be up in my room. While you were forming your plans for the party I was forming a little plan of my own. You had left hardly a minute before I was over at Mid's house, telling her of my little scheme. I had to do some coaxing before she would let me take Jack's place and be your Romeo. She finally consented providing I find someone for Jack. So," said the strange young man, smiling down at her, "you now see why I am your Romeo, and Jack is here with my sister."

When he had finished, Bob Willard stood silently, as if giving Dot time to comprehend it all.

So Mid had not tricked her after all. Instead, this person standing before her had deliberately asked Mid to be her Romeo. This, then was the answer to the black limousine in place of the usual gay roadster. These thoughts ran through her head as she sat looking at the floor. She didn't know whether to be disappointed or not, but she was not long in doubt, for when she looked up at him he was smiling down at her with a smile that swept all doubts away.

Dot had been thinking a great many times in the last few minutes, but all she said was: "So you are Mr. Willard's nephew, 'Bob,' a junior in college of whom he has spoken so much to my father. I am very glad to know you, Mr. Willard," and their hands met in a firm, friendly handshake.

"And you are not sorry that your Romeo is Bob Willard and not Jack Barford?" he asked, laughing good-naturedly. Dot's answer was an emphatic shake of her little head.

Just then Mid's merry voice rang out, "Why aren't you two in there dancing with the rest?" She stood in the door at the side of her escort. Before Dot could answer, Mid's friend had taken Bob by the arm and was pulling him toward the dancing groups. The girls immediately locked arms and this shocking little message was sent into Mid's ear:

"I'm simply wild about my Romeo, Mid!"

THE GOLD BUG

SYNOPSIS:—After swindling the people for three years, "The Oro Copia Mining and Milling Company," with mines that are worthless in southeastern California, and home offices in Indianapolis, decide to close up shop and divide the booty among the directors, owing to the Blue Sky Law that was expected to pass the State Legislature soon.

But there was one hitch in the game. The Treasurer, Ernest Corey, a highly esteemed lawyer, had not known or suspected that it was all a put up game. He had been kept in the dark and used as a screen because of his honesty. When at the directors' meeting he learned of the real situation and was offered ten thousand dollars as his share of the money, he flew to pieces and threatened to expose them. But he knew he could prove nothing, and therefore left for California to operate the mines and pay back the stockholders. A director, Dr. Smith, wins his confidence and goes along.

Corey and Smith succeed in working the mines with a small profit. Corey begins buying up the outstanding stock, which comes in fast. Suddenly no one wants to sell his stock. The directors have written all stockholders that the mines have turned out rich and Corey is trying to buy it up cheap. Corey writes an answer exposing the whole swindle, but the letter is intercepted and Corey is bound and imprisoned in a mine.)

CHAPTER III.

Alone in the Bottom of the Oro Copias.



WHEN Corey regained consciousness, he opened his eyes to stare at Smith and Lee standing before him. How long he had lain in the tunnel he could not guess. But he knew he was hungry and thirsty and cramped. He stretch-

ed his arms and legs, and then remembered he had been bound tightly. The cords now were cut and lying near by. In front of him lay some sandwiches and a small keg of water. With a grateful smile toward Smith and Lee, who, he supposed, had rescued him and brought him back to life, he devoured the sandwiches and half emptied the water keg and then rose.

"Ah, fellows!" he exclaimed, "I shall never feel that I have thanked and repaid you enough for——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Dr. Smith coldly, "our time is too precious to play with your feelings any longer. We have not come to rescue you by a jugful. You are quite liable to remain here the rest of your days; though I think by this time you ought to have sense enough to see your mistake and be willing to accept our terms and leave this hole."

Corey was decidedly surprised, of course. He had trusted these two men, only to see himself thwarted by them. He might have realized their game!

Lee followed Smith up with the offer. "See here, Corey, don't keep on acting the fool. We have the upper hand and intend to use it to our advantage. The directors have decided to give you one more chance to draw the funds of the Company out of the bank and split with us. We still offer you your share of ten thousand if you will come across with the rest quietly. Everything is up at the shack ready for you to sign. Are you ready?"

Corey was still stubborn. He shook his head slowly and answered "I am not, and never shall be ready."

It was all Smith and Lee could do to believe Corey. Such honesty as his was inconceivable. "What's the matter with you, Corey? Don't you realize that whether you sign these checks or not we will get the money? Why, we'll just sign them for you, and get the cash. Then you will disappear and we will inform the police that you skipped the country with all the funds. One of our detectives will trace you to China or to Terra del Fuego and lose track of you! Ernest Corey will be no more: Come on! Haven't you had enough yet?"

Corey shrugged his shoulders. "All right!"

"At last you can tell white from green! Lord, we didn't want your blood on our hands. It is a lot of trouble at the best. I'm glad——"

Corey made a lunge and hit Lee on the jaw, knocking him down. Smith started to run, but Corey caught him and a fight commenced. They were in the dim tunnel near the shaft which let down a light from above. Had Corey been able to put Smith out of commission as quickly as he had Lee, all would have been favorable for his speedy escape. However, before Smith was downed, Lee had quit seeing stars and had his revolver in play. A bullet graze on the left arm settled things. Corey knew it for what it was worth and gave up.

"You shall pay for this, old boy!" And with gun leveled they backed away to the shaft, got on the hoist or "elevator" and started it up.

Corey waited till their heads were above the ceiling of the tunnel so they could not see him, then he ran under the hoist and caught hold of it by means of some rafters upon which the platform was idling. Slowly it went up and up to the top. When it reached the surface, Smith and Lee got off, but Corey could not get to the surface unless the hoist were raised several feet higher. In vain did he try to find some way out of his predicament. What with the biting of his arm where the bullet had grazed it and his long spell of unconsciousness which had left him weaker, and besides his weight of two hundred and twelve pounds, Corey was

on the verge of letting go his hold and falling to his death.

He was relieved of the bother of falling, however, for the two men above, swearing vengeance on Corey, had secured a steel saw to cut the cable of the hoist, so as to let it drop and thus prevent aid from ever reaching Corey from above. The mine, situated as it was, would never be visited again in a long time probably. And anyhow, no one would try to enter this mine with the hoist broken. Corey was doomed!

At last the cable was nearly in two. Suddenly the last threads gave way and hoist fell. The descent seemed to revivify Corey. With one supreme effort as the hoist reached the bottom, he swung his body clear of the hoist into the tunnel he had been in before. The hoist crashed to pieces with a bang, to the satisfaction of Smith and Lee, who soon left for Mecca.

Corey finally got his wind and presence of mind back and tried to get up. The first effort convinced him that something was wrong and the second that he had a sprained ankle. All he could do was bandage it up tightly after spitting on it and rubbing it thoroughly. Then he crawled back to the spot he had lain for the last day or two and tried to think.

CHAPTER IV.

The Gold Bug Comes to Light.

Once more Corey awoke, this time from deep, refreshing, forgetful sleep instead of from insensibility, and this time to find himself alone, without food and very little water. He had slept long enough to avoid the greatest pain from his ankle, and another sputum bath and massage allayed the pain enough for him to be able to think straight.

Luckily he knew his surroundings thoroughly. He knew his men had been developing this tunnel and had possibly left pick and shovel, or even food and water where they had been working. By crawling and dragging himself along, his eyes already accustomed to the semi-darkness, he reached the place after half an hour, and found to his joy enough food for several meals. And water was in abundance, being piped down for use in mining the ore.

But how get out of the mine! Corey spent hours on that question. No use hoping for outside aid! There was only one possibility of escape, and it was so remote any other person never would have thought of it. As it was, Corey doubted the possibility of the thing, himself.

For some time, Corey had been puzzling over the idea of opening a side tunnel into this mine, so as to run a track in from the side of the mountain as in mine number 3, in order to get the ore cars out that way

instead of hoisting them up a shaft as at present, using much time and expense. As it was now, there was the shaft dropping down vertically from the top of the mountain; Corey simply planned to bore a hole into the side of the mountain, horizontally, to hit the bottom of the shaft.

He had spoken to the mining engineer about the matter, and Gemmill had opposed the plan because he estimated that the new hole would have to be bored probably fifty or seventy-five feet through solid rock to reach one of the lower tunnels branching out from the shaft. And boring through solid rock is expensive. Still, Corey figured that they would get some ore, surely, out of the hole, to meet expenses; nor would he believe it would take more than twenty or thirty feet to reach the tunnel.

At that, though, for one man to bore twenty-five feet through rock, on nothing in his stomach but water and memories, and with a painfully sprained ankle besides, was a big job, even were he sure that he was boring in the right direction!

There was one fine thing about the Oro Copia Mines: they were equipped with modern appliances. For when the Indianapolis directors bought the mine, they knew it was practically worthless; they, therefore, had to install up-to-date attractions to have something to advertise and show beautifully colored pictures of, to sell the large amount of stock.

Hence Corey was not so bad off as one might suspect. He did not have to dig with pick and shovel. Instead, the immense water pressure was used to operate hand drills much like the "guns" or hammers that riveters use. Of course, there would be considerable lifting to get the broken rock and ore out of the way. Besides this improved way of mining, the shafts and tunnels were all electrically lighted. It had not cost much to string the wire through the tunnels, but the pictures had been a big seller for stock.

While meditating on all this, Corey had finished his meager lunch, pocketed the remaining tins of salt-horse and the crackers, detached the drill, and had started back, crawling to the long-abandoned tunnel to commence his last or his most valuable job, according to how it all turned out.

Hope lends strength—some say it "gives" strength, but that is a decidedly mistaken idea—and Corey, eventually got started on his work after "hooking" the hydraulic drill up to the pipe line.

One who has never been down in a mine and wandered through the ramifications of the tunnels, entered the niches, returned, turned, meandered and quisted around, cannot imagine how simple it is to lose all conception of the directions. Corey was well enough acquainted with the mines to know fairly well where he was aiming at, and a small watch-charm compass enabled him somewhat to determine the direction; still

he could not be sure that he was taking the shortest distance to freedom. All he could do was trust to luck and a clear conscience, and work on.

To describe the pain and hardships and hunger of the following three days would be useless. Hope does not lend strength forever. Despair and Doubt cannot be kept out at such times in a person's life; their work of undermining one's strength overbalances the weight of Hope; for they are dead weight while Hope is buoyancy and lightness.

During that time Corey's two-hundred and twelve pounds, partly fat, came in pretty handy. He was hungry, oh, how hungry! And tired! A fat man feels the saw-edge of hunger keener than does a thin person. On the other hand the fat one can outlast the thin one, and retain his strength much longer.

On the third night, as Corey, exhausted but no longer feeling the first fiery pangs of an empty stomach, lay down on his coat to sleep and rest, he could not help thinking of himself as a hibernating bear, living during the winter on his surplus energy in his stowed away hole. The comparison seemed timely; but would the bear be able to get out of his hole in the spring? What if he woke up and found the hole stopped up so he couldn't get out! "Good-night!" Corey said to himself and went to sleep.

It was with dogged determination that Corey set to work the next day. He knew it was get out soon or stay in forever. He had made a hole some twenty feet so far and the dull thud of the drill resounded as solid and impassable and massive as ever to his eager ear.

But what did this mean all of a sudden? The drill seemed to be hitting something softer than rock all at once. Ore? Surely not! The outside; space; air; his freedom? Impossible! What was it? Corey became alert on the instant. Quickly he chipped off rock after rock before him, until there hung exposed before his gaze the prettiest sight he had ever laid eyes on—a vein of the cleanest virgin gold ore he had ever seen in all his days! It seemed incredible!

Ernest Corey, Treasurer, could only sit down and gaze in wonder, then get up and drill out a hunk of ore and fondle it. Some find! It made him think of the future of the Oro Copias until the word "future" reminded him of the thread on which his future hung in quivering balance. Future! Yes, he would have a future. He would show them!

With renewed strength and energy he set to work to get through that barrier between him and his future. As he worked away, chopping off big chunks of ore and laying them all carefully aside, an idea that something was wrong popped into his head. He sat down to figure it all out before going any farther.

The hole he had been boring ran into this vein of ore at a slanting angle of only 25 degrees in stead of hitting it squarely. And Corey knew that as a rule such a vein as this ran in a fairly straight line. Assuming that he was boring his hole squarely toward the outside of the mountain or in other words perpendicular with the outside, then this vein, which he was not hitting perpendicularly, should crop out of the side of the mountain somewhere. But this Corey knew was not the case or it would have been discovered. Thus a safe conclusion was that he was not aiming squarely toward the outside. Hence he changed his course to one at right angles to the vein. Anyhow, he wasn't sure of any direction, so he may as well follow his logical conclusion.

Away he worked again, letting his thoughts and dreams run amuck as they pleased. It was a pleasant diversion after the days of hard toil. As his fancy wandered from one subject and picture to another, the story of Poe's "Gold Bug" eventually came to his mind. He was thinking of the great treasure found by means of that gold bug, and he was vaguely wondering how many such chests of guineas and pesos and centimes and sous all this rich vein would make, and was trying to imagine a picture of the bug. And while he was picturing this bug in his mind's eye, a glitter of unusually bright gold attracted his real eye. For a while he gazed at the spot dreamily. What he saw was—a gold bug!

However, he soon rubbed his eyes, looked away, and commenced working away again. "My Lord, I never will get out of here if I act like a baby and start dreaming." Clink! Clink! The drill thudded on for a few seconds, when that infernal bright spot attracted his eye again. When he looked there this time, he stopped short in amazement. "Am I dreaming!" he exclaimed, "or is it just my fancy again. Why, I'd swear that is a real, for sure gold bug shining there before me." And he looked at it stupidly, wondering if he were dreaming.

At last he had enough courage to feel of it. Sure enough it was a gold nugget shaped as nearly like any beetle as he had ever imagined Poe's gold bug to be! It was protruding from the rocks around it, for Corey had got almost through the vein by this time and only small isolated pieces of ore were to be found in the rock. That the rock had compressed this piece of ore into a solid, pure nugget of gold shaped in this unusual way was indeed, it seemed, a miracle of nature. And still, he decided, with all the millions of shapes in the rock, it was not impossible that nature should find one of these shapes the form of a bug. The miracle lay in the chance that had led Corey to this particular one shape.

He soon had it dislodged. All it lacked was a pair of eyes, so Corey took his knife

and bored two glimmers for it, then put it carefully away in his pocketbook.

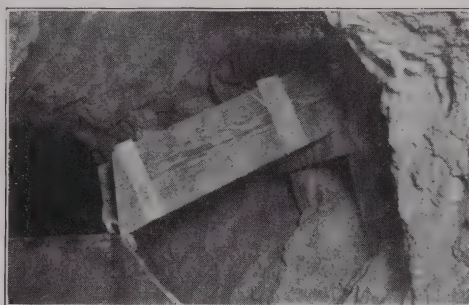
Again he started to work in earnest. Hope now had the upper hand and made a good showing. It was the next day though before the hollowness of the thuds made it evident that he was nearing his liberation. His "logical conclusion" had turned out true. Otherwise he would be working on an hypothermose and would have been several days longer in getting through.

In one final spurt of hard work, Corey drilled through to the open; a hole just large enough to let his body through—and he was free at last!

ever personal effects there were at the mines, in anticipation of selling the Oro Copias.

For the directors had already forged Corey's name to a check and had divided the money thus secured among themselves, ten thousand apiece. They were now preparing to sell the mines to another swindling company just being organized in Michigan, where there would be no danger of prosecution for some years to come.

When Corey overheard their conversation about selling the mines, he knew there was no time to lose if he were to prevent it. Certainly he must not let them sell these



ORE CAR IN POSITION TO LOAD

Exhausted as he was he took particular pains to fill in the hole and pile loose rocks around so that it would never be discovered accidentally. Then he limped toward the shack. It was a hot sultry afternoon, so that after the coolness and twilight of the mine, the atmosphere seemed excessively heavy and oppressive to him. Finally he reached the bunkhouse and crawled in, unable to continue to the shack for his ankle was yet quite painful from lack of rest.

"A loaf of bread, a bottle of Scotch, and thou," he said to himself, feeling of the gold bug in his pocket. And so, munching his new found crackers, he lay down and fell asleep in an obscure bunk.

When he awoke, it was night. He collected his thoughts, rose, ate some more, careful not to overload his stomach, and wobbled to the door. He glanced out and saw the shack.

There was a light shining through the cracks of the boards!

CHAPTER V.

Back in the Trap Again.

Corey was greatly surprised, to say the least, to find out that someone was still at the mines. After cautiously glancing around for other possible signs of life, he crept up to the shack and peeped in through a crack. There sat Smith and Lee who had deemed it best to return and arrange things to avoid any suspicion should anyone ever find Corey's body in the mine, and to remove what-

mines after the rich find he had made. It was now really a bonanza! And Corey had the controlling interest in the Company.

Corey did not wait for more. He made his way to the bunkhouse and the grubhouse, secured food and water to last him to Mecca, and then went to the corral, caught Lee's horse and quietly set out for Mecca.

The trip back to Mecca promised to be considerably less pleasant than the trip from there to the mines. Corey was urging his horse on as far as he dare, and was wondering if Cal were in on this crooked work against him. He couldn't believe she was. But—one never can tell what a wild thing like her might do!

With these thoughts coursing through his brain, he came to Devil's Pass and turned in to cross the mountain range to the other side of the desert. The horse's hoofs sank lightly in the sand, noiselessly. As he neared the last narrow turn, his horse suddenly raised his head attentively, and neighed just as he turned around the edge of the pass into the desert.

Corey had not time to rein up soon enough to avoid almost bumping squarely into Cal, who was just going to turn into the pass. Both hesitated a second. The horses knew each other and stopped to say hello. It was clear, cool, and moonlight, however, and Cal recognized Lee's horse almost immediately. She was greatly puzzled to find Corey here, and on Lee's horse. Lee had told her he

and Smith had forced Corey out of the country, and he had left for China for fear of exposure. They made Corey out to her as a black scoundrel of the deepest dye and had easily won her confidence and aid.

Corey soon saw the mess he was in and made a bolt, thinking she would not pursue him. He had not gone many yards though till a bullet broke a bone in his left foot, and another entered his side. The horse was frightened and raced on toward Mecca. Cal had wheeled around and was following. Had she not been able to keep up she would have shot the horse, but she waited to do that as a last resort.

Gradually she gained on him and then caught up. He stopped his horse and turned toward her a face full of intense agony and suffering. Neither spoke. He got off, bandaged up his foot and then got on and resumed the ride, pressing his hand firmly against his side. It was very painful, but the bullet had almost grazed his side only, maybe had gone through an inch or so from the outside. It had passed on out, he was sure. Cal saw him hold his side, so she handed him a silk shawl she had worn around her shoulders. He tied it tightly around his body and rode on. Corey lead; she followed.

Corey decided not to go to Mecca to catch the train. He went more west than south till they struck the tracks. Cal understood what he was doing, though how he expected to persuade the train to stop out here to let them on was more than she could fathom out. She would not ask questions!

At the tracks he dismounted. He had meant to ask her to do what he wanted done here, but she sat rigidly formal and silent upon her valiant steed, so he did it himself. He gathered what dry grass and dead tumble weeds he could, laid them in a pile beside one of the tracks, then took off his coat and hat and made a dummy by stuffing the buttoned coat. A rope around it made it look ghastly real, as he placed it in position across a track with the hat at the head. He would light the pile when he saw the train coming. And all this was because flagging a train out here in a lonely spot was a warning for more speed instead of a stop. But curiosity would stop one. It costs just twenty-five dollars to stop a train and start it up again, in actual expense to the railroad. Orders were strict against using up twenty-five dollars to pick up a five or ten dollar fare.

Corey made his horse lie down to keep him warm while he lay down beside it. Cal dismounted.

Finally Cal spoke. "I suppose you intend leaving the horses, Mr. Corey?"

"Certainly."

"I don't intend to leave my horse, however."

"They will return either to the mines or to Mecca and you will recover your horse."

"And if I don't care to risk such a hazardous chance as that? My horse is very valuable!"

"Oh, put another bullet in me and finish your dirty work and go on to the mines," answered Corey, repressing a groan. Cal looked away.

In half an hour the train was heard coming. Corey lighted the fire, drove his horse off into the darkness and lay down some seventy-five feet away, along the track where the last car of the train would be when it stopped, but out of range of the light of the train. Cal hugged her horse, then shooed him off to the other horse, and lay down a few yards from Corey.

The train bore down on the dummy, slowed up, whistled, grunted, and stopped. Corey and Cal clambered on the back end and found by good luck several unoccupied berths, while the engineer and brakeman were discovering the ruse. The latter, expecting a daring hold-up, had their guns ready. But nothing happened. The train puffed angrily and sped off, while the cars were searched. When the conductor reached the last car, Cal stepped out in the aisle, motioned him and put her finger on her lips, and gave him several bills. Then she motioned for him to look in at Corey's berth.

Corey was unconscious. They did not attempt to revive him; he was best off insensible to his pain.

CHAPTER VI.

The Gold Bug Plays Its Part.

Corey opened his eyes at last, after a day and a half. He saw Lee, Cal, Smith, and a doctor watching him. His memory gradually came back. The soft bed under him gave him confidence—at least he wasn't in the bottom of that mine!

Needless to say, Lee and Smith were regarding him with some curiosity. How in the deuce had he ever escaped! They could not see into it. They were afraid to let him die while unconscious; evidently, they thought, someone had rescued him in some miraculous and inconceivable manner, and would accuse them of murder if Corey were killed now. Anyhow, Cal had shot him and if he died the blood would be on her hands; and that was not to be thought of. They would see to it that Corey should disappear to lands unknown. It would be easier to kill him there.

Corey received good medical attention, and was visited daily by Cal, Lee, and Smith. Cal asked after his desires and feelings, while the latter two merely said hello. A nurse waited on him constantly.

After several days Cal suggested that a voyage would undoubtedly be beneficial to him. Lee did not answer. Next day Corey asked for some books and Cal gladly secured them. He had asked for short stories, as he could not read long at a time.

One of the volumes turned out to be a collection of Poe's short stories. Among them chanced to be "The Gold Bug." He was quite pleased upon finding it, and read it again with renewed interest.

He was just enjoying the explanation of the secret code found upon the parchment when an idea shot through his mind of a sudden. But it was so sudden and had left so quickly he had not quite understood what it was. He knew it pertained to a secret code which was to enable him to escape, but more than that he could not remember. It was like having a familiar name on the tip of your tongue, but not able to catch it.

That evening, as he was listening to Cal reading a book, it all came back as clear as if he had thought it all out before.

"Cal——"

"Yes," answered Cal looking up from her book.

"What is the date today?"

"December 15th."

"What; that late! So near Christmas!" And he added, as if meditating upon what to do, "the folks back home will expect some presents, of course. It would seem strange to them, as well as to me, not to send them something—before I start on that voyage."

"Well, why not send something—books?"

"Books!" exclaimed Corey, fearing she was reading his mind; "yes, some books will do. I'll think it over tomorrow and decide what to send and let you know."

Next day Corey sat up part of the time. The nurse got him his pocketbook out of which he got the gold bug nugget, a pencil, and the copy of Poe's "Gold Bug." He read the story again, the nurse noticed, and held the pencil all the time; but she did not see him use it to write anything. That evening Cal sent this book and the nugget to Indianapolis, to Corey's two sons, Eli and Harold (although the latter happens to be the author of this story, he will remain in the third person for convenience's sake).

Eli got the gold bug nugget, being twenty-five years old, while Harold, only nineteen, got the Gold Bug book. The book contained merely a Christmas greeting on the fly leaf. On the under side of the nugget was traced with a fine point, "Scarabaeus."

Eli found time to read "The Gold Bug" first, and naturally found it quite interesting, as were the other short stories. That was before Christmas a few days. It was almost New Year's before Harold found time to read it.

Eli had been out of school for several years. He was now working for his daily bread and had lost his dreamy, schoolboy mind. But not so with Harold. Eli read Poe's story, enjoyed it, and forgot it. Harold, as he read it, grew imaginative, thought up all kinds of codes and desperate plots in which to use them, and decided to write a story for the Shortridge High School paper

later on. He too then laid the book aside for the time being.

Corey's secret code had not attracted their attention. It had not worked! Corey was soon to be beyond rescue! He waited in vain for aid from his sons.

For as soon as Corey was able to walk a little, Lee and Smith had passage paid for him to Japan on an old freighter manned by coolies. The officers were well paid and could be depended on. If Corey showed fight, he was to go overboard with a bullet through him. Otherwise he was to be handed over to confidantes in Japan with instructions of how to dispose of him.

Corey embarked on his voyage "for his health" on January 11th, his birthday.

On February 1st the Oro Cobia Mines were sold to the Michigan "Gold Crown Company." The money was equally divided among the directors and the Oro Cobia Mining and Milling Company was no more.

It was toward the last of January that Harold started to write his story and again looked over the book his father had sent him. He thought of using music notes as a code, but was afraid he could not get his hero to decipher such a code very easily. He might use the card pack code system, in which all the cards of a deck are arranged according to suit and in each suit consecutively according to number, then the deck held tightly together while the message is written on the edges, and then the cards are shuffled. When the other person receives them, he arranges them in the order as at first, and the writing on the edges is ready to read.

And another good one to use to correspond would be the old timer, called the "wooden spoon" system. In it a present of wood, say a hair brush or a wood-backed hand mirror, is used. The message is scratched on the plain wood surface, and then sandpapered down smooth again. Nothing can be noticed until the wood is soaked in water, when the writing will be raised and quite plain to read. This is because of the fact that even after all the indentation has been removed to a smooth surface, the fibers of wood below the cut were compressed by the pressure above, and these compressed fibers swell after a while, when in water. It was first used on wooden spoons; hence the old name.

Harold was puzzling over his plot, and letting his eyes run over the pages of Poe's story, when his eyes mechanically fixed themselves on a tiny dot under a letter of a word. His mind kept on with his plot; his fingers turned a page now and then, and unconsciously his eyes would fall on a tiny dot under a letter. Soon his sub-conscious mind began searching page after page for such dots, and storing away the letters—S-H-O-T — H-EL-D — P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R — C-O-M-E. And then as he began thus to spell

out words, his active mind realized that a message was written in this way to him.

At first he could not believe any very important message could have been written in this simple manner, without being put in code form too. But Corey had decided upon the simplest possible way, for no time was to be lost in deciphering codes. He felt sure Cal, in looking through the book for writing, would never notice the dots, with only one on each page.

The message, now a month old, read at last "Company crooked—was imprisoned in mine—escaped—shot held prisoner in Los Angeles at Lees—soon be sent on voyage—found mine to be bonanza in escaping gold bug sample—Co. going to sell them and divide booty—prevent or buy all stock in new Co—come quick follow till find rescue."

When Harold read these, he lost no time in idle speculation. Eli was quickly informed. Together they decided upon the best

pany. Had the swindlers in it realized there was gold in their mines, they would not have given up their majority control. As it was, they merely wanted to get all the cash out of it they could before closing doors.

In a week both young men were in Los Angeles. From their dad they had heard of Cal, and decided to approach her first of all. Eli alone went to see her. Had he not known how she had treated his father, he would have decided he was in love with her at first sight. As it was, he did not know, but what he liked her quite well anyhow—surely she had been mislead and lied to by Lee, or she could not have helped out these dirty crooks!

When he left her he was both astonished and surprised. He had spoiled things by going to her for information that was well known by this time. Lee and Smith had given the story to the papers, of Corey's disappearance with the funds. A detective



Cyanide Plant where Ore is Disintegrated

procedure. A phone call to a broker soon let them know that the Oro Copia stock was no longer on the market, and careful inquiries gave them the name of the new company, the Gold Crown Company of Michigan. But to get money to buy up stock in it made it necessary for Eli to forge his dad's signature to a large check and scrape together what other cashable funds they could draw on. Eli was well known at the bank and secured cash without question.

At a broker's office, where they were personally known, Eli and Harold each took out five thousand dollars' worth of stock, and took out the same for Ernest Corey. Then ten thousand more were taken out by dependable friends, from whom Corey could later buy it over, officially. Of course, Eli gave them the cash to buy it with. To two business men who were fast friends of Corey's, Dr. Bedford and Dr. Harold (after whom Harold Corey was named) Eli told the whole story and urged them to become partners with his father in the new mine, by buying up all the rest of the stock offered for sale. They consented. In the time to come, these five persons then owned 85 per cent. of the stock in the Gold Crown Com-

pany. Had the swindlers in it realized there was gold in their mines, they would not have given up their majority control. As it was, they merely wanted to get all the cash out of it they could before closing doors.

traced Corey to Japan, let it be known he had escaped on an old freighter, and there, "despite all human efforts," lost track of him. Cal had merely shown him the articles from the papers, and corroborated them. She honestly believed that she was justified in all her actions, and Eli could not help being convinced of her sincerity. She was misinformed!

Eli hired a detective to do his own tracing. This one found out that the other detective knew Corey had left on the old freighter for Japan, but that he had found no traces of Corey even landing in Japan. Indeed, he had not even tried to find Corey in Japan! Lee had given the story out; not he. He had not left California's balmy atmosphere to look for Corey. He was paid to keep still, however. The new detective had hopes now.

Organizations

SOROSIS

On April 3d, the Sorosis Society had a Kipling meeting. The members answered the roll call with characters from Kipling's works. Eugenia Chambers gave a poem, "Mandalay," and Marie Umbach a reading, "Danny Deever." We then enjoyed several violin selections by Mabelle Figel and a Kipling recitation by Goldie Tarletz. Then all the Sorosis members were asked to stand, and a spelling match of words taken from Kipling was started. As soon as one missed a word, she sat down and lost out in the match. It was surprising to see how soon most of our members were seated. Following this, Olga Welch gave a reading. By meetings of this kind we become better acquainted with different writers.

Visitors were invited to attend the Sorosis meeting of April 17th, and all business, with the exception of the reading of minutes, was laid aside.

Evelyn Ross played two selections on the piano, as the first part of the program. Next we had an amusing little play, no doubt entitled "Just Like a Woman," with the parts well taken by Estelle Owen, Edith Breeden, Flora Gerberding and Anita Ackerman. Then we all enjoyed the singing by the Sorosis Quartet. These illustrious four, Beatrice Bentz, Margaret Ann Keegan, Mary Eunice Eaton and Dorothy Cory, favored us with many of the latest song hits. After they were heartily applauded and showered with flowers, they consented to give an encore. Following this we had a very informal gathering on the stage.

Mathematics Club

On Friday evening, April 4th, at the usual hour, 7.45, a very interesting meeting of the Math Club was held.

The election of officers for the next semester took place and resulted in Martha Irmscher, vice-president. All other officers from the preceding semester were retained. Following this the reports of

the previous meeting were read and accepted. All other business was quickly dispensed with and the program ensued.

Gertrude Schwehn, through her unusual ability to "pull off" tricks, entertained us for a long time. Ray Hobrock then took the floor. He demonstrated the use of the slide rule. This was instructive as well as amusing. Mathematical wrinkles by Don Beck followed.

Mr. Reising concluded this part of the program with a most interesting talk on the "Relation Between Mathematics and Mechanics." After playing several games refreshments were served.

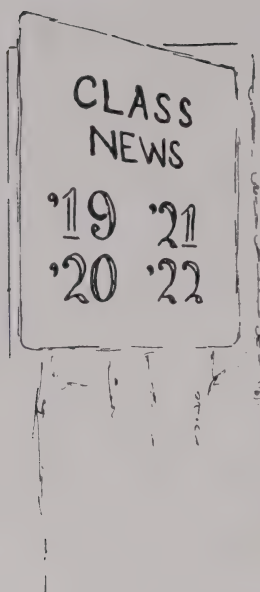
PLATONIANS

On April 10 the Platonians had a very interesting meeting. The executive committee believes that all work and no play makes Plat a dull boy, and though arguing on bills is play in some ways, an innovation is always appreciated. It was furnished at this meeting by Lloyd Grosvenor, who gave an illustrated lecture on Federal buildings of Washington. This speech proved to be both very interesting and instructive. Mr. Lockridge then gave his famous oration on "Service for Citizenship," followed by rebuttals by the members of the society.

On April 11 eighth hour classes were dismissed to hear the county debate, which was held in the auditorium. The speakers with whom Lockridge had to contend were as follows: Mr. Brown, Angola; Mr. Grubb, Auburn; Mr. Lockhart, Avilla; Miss Mossman, Columbia City.

All these proved to be able speakers, but none had quite the organization of his speech nor the forcible delivery of Mr. Lockridge, who carried off the honors. Miss Mossman was given second place. Mr. Lockhart also proved to be very good, especially in delivery. Altogether, it was a hard fought battle, and the Platonians may be justly proud of Mr. Lockridge and his coach, Mr. Null.

(Continued on next page)



Junior Class News

Now since the Prom is over, the class officers are planning a class party. This will be given sometime in May. With Junior enthusiasm and loyalty, this party will without doubt be a huge success. The officers will endeavor to make it something unusual. Material for the 1919 Caldron will soon be due. If you have something that you think is good, hand it to the editor or the 1920 class reporter. Let us make our section the best in the Annual.

M. L., '20.

Freshman Class News

On Friday evening, April 11, a large number of Freshmen turned out to enjoy the good time that was planned for them

by the class officers and faculty advisers. The entertainment in the auditorium was enjoyed by all and the different booths proved to be very popular. Altogether, everyone had a very good time and the party was a great success.

We expect to be well represented in The Caldron Annual, as the class committee, Sophia Irmscher, Charles Miles, Billy Hall and Bob Nipper are busy making plans. Wake up, Freshmen, and help!

M. L. C., '22.



ORGANIZATIONS (Continued)

On April 24 we had another very interesting meeting, in which music was furnished us by Messrs. Wahrenburg and Wenzler. A talk was next given by Mr. Jellison on "Roosevelt." Mr. Shirey then gave a talk on Mr. Wilson.

News comes to us at the last moment that Mr. Lockridge received third place in the debate at Bloomington. The details have not yet come in, but we may be proud of Mr. Lockridge for gaining this high place in the state contest.

K. F., '19.

The Friendship Club

On April 1 one of the most enjoyable meetings of the Friendship Club was held at the Y. W. C. A. Miss Bond entertained us by playing a number of Galli Curci's records on the Victrola. This was especially interesting to the girls because of the short time after Galli Curci's appearance here at the Majestic. Miss Bond made the musical very interesting for us by telling all about Galli Curci's life—her life before she became famous—her marriage, and how

(Continued to page 35)

SOCIETY



Margaret Heine entertained the Qui Vives on Saturday, April 12th.

The Alpha Omegas gave a delightful Easter dance at the Anthony Hotel on Tuesday, April 22d.

Miss Persis White, of Terre Haute, was the guest of Elizabeth Urbahns over the Qui Vive dance.

The Qui Vives gave a dance at the Anthony Hotel on Friday evening, April 25th.

The Eta Alphas held a meeting Saturday, April 19th, at the home of Mary Beuret on East DeWald street.

Selma Swift entertained the Little Turtle Campfire at her home on Rivermet avenue on the evening of April 7th.

Kathryn Rauch attended the Junior Prom at Purdue on April 25th.

The Alpha Omegas were entertained Saturday afternoon, April 19th, by Gladys Young.

The Eta Alphas gave a delightful spring dance at the Anthony Hotel on the evening of May 2d.

The Qui Vives were entertained Saturday, April 5, by Naomi Dixon.

Katherine Seeman, of Bridgeport, Conn., was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, of West Wayne street.

Bob Brennen, of Kendallville, spent the week-end of April 22d in this city.

Jay Sternsberg, of Memphis, Tenn., was the house guest of Eugene Kraus

and Roland Apfelbaum during their spring vacation.

Junetta Schock entertained the Alpha Omegas Saturday, April 5th.

Ruth Tepper went to Culver Sunday, April 20th. She attended a dance the following night.

Mary Haller entertained the Eta Alphas at the Y. W. C. A. on Saturday, April 5th.

Meribah Ingham held the regular meeting of the Little Turtle Campfire at her home on the evening of April 15th.

Mabel Vernon and Margaret Evans spent the week-end of April 4th in Ann Arbor. They attended the Junion Prom.

Richard Evans, Kenneth Bechtel and Howard Quicksell invited their friends to contribute to their "nickel crusade" on the afternoon of April 12th.

Georgiana and Ellen Hudson entertained the Qui Vives on Saturday, April 19th.

The Pi Gammas were entertained at Miller Ellingham's on Wednesday, April 23d.

Edward White entertained informally on Saturday afternoon, April 12th, with a truck party. Howard Quicksell, Richard Evans and Kenneth Bechtel were the guests.

The Omega Iota Sigmas held a meeting at their clubhouse on Friday, April 4.

SHIP NEWS

April 11. Wully Willie Winnick was thrown into the royal refrigerator for displaying samples of his new brand of superconversation....Ralph Brower was told that his presence was not desirable in quarters 22 today because though he talked voluminously, the substance of his speech was of a nature which McMillan could not appreciate at all....During the eighth watch today several gobs of other ships assembled to see if they could out-gas one of our gobs. The attempt-proved a failure.

April 14. Soph gob Paulsen was thrown in irons today for propounding the doctrine of "No beer, no work" to one of his fellow gobs....Bonds of friendship are unbreakable. Kolb found that she could not separate Ed Shooman and Bud Comparet without causing these worthies to fall into tears, so she let them wander, side by each, to the captain.

April 15. A Fresh by the name of Hemming snuck (principal parts: sneak, snuck, snukums) overboard today, but was apprehended upon return by Mate Wingert. He now polishes the rails on the capstan bar.

April 16. No, Maxwell hasn't the larynx of a giraffe, the mouth of a hippo', but she *can* talk. Said fact suddenly became evident to Waitress Mayr today, and the result, Maxwell, helps the cook wash dishes for the rest of the watch.

April 17. The Thursday Brig Warming Club was organized today the fourth watch with Fishack, Mikesell and Feiertag as charter members. Feiertag was elected Envoy Extraordinary and Minister plenipotentiary. He was received with due state by Waitress Mayr and given a nice cozy spot in the brig....Frosh gob Boum is again in evidence. He returned today after a leave of absence of a few days. Since the "leave was one of his own making, he was allowed to scrape skillets for the cook.

April 19. Another Green Gob aspires to the honors of Henry Clay. At least he was allowed to dust off the mudhook for talking today....A decidedly interesting game of penny matching was going on in the steerage, with odds on Krill 15 to 1 when the cook interrupted. Krill and Miller then kept the captain company.

April 21. Krill again. This time our chief soda-clerk failed to report to the steerage after lunch. Investigation by Mate Wingert showed that he had not eaten in the galley, but elsewhere. This is a great crime in the eyes of Mate Wingert, who sent him to the captain. Captain said that he had no use for such an accomplished crook as Krill. Krill decided this was more than he could stand even from the Captain, and decided to take up the matter with the owner, Mr. Himelick. So Ward and Krill set out in a rowboat. The matter was explained and Krill put up the defense that the slops of the galley were not fit to eat. This point won the day for Krill and he is still with us.

April 22. A frosh by the name of Roenan was late to work today and thrown in irons.

April 23. Our crack (?) test tube smasher, Felger, was today put in irons. Rumors have it that he tried to saw off the mast.

April 24. The Thursday Benching Club met again today. Helen Mikesell was today given the honors of high and royal brig warmer because she vociferated too freshly with her fellow deckswab, Fuzz Fishack.

April 25. Two of the super-ornery were thrown overboard today because they were dropping depth bombs down the hatches into the hold.



Comments on the Caldron

Caldron: Your magazine is well balanced, the "Literary Department" stands out as the most prominent feature. "A Frontier Romance" is probably the best of the stories.—Dobra.

Caldron: Your artists deserve much credit for their excellent work. Your paper is very good from cover to cover.
—Spectator.

"Caldron: An exceptionally good paper, the cuts add much to the interest and the articles are well written."—Insight.

"Wilbur Katz says the Caldron has some very interesting stories and poems. Indeed, we are quite agreed that this magazine also excels in the artistic portrayal of cover designs and department headings."—Comet.

Our Comments on Exchanges

Dobra: Your literary department is certainly fine! We enjoyed "The Sunset" immensely. A cover design would improve your paper, however.

Spectator: You at least have quality if not quantity in your Literary Department. The snapshots are interesting. Your Athletic Department shows heaps of school spirit.

Insight, Hartford City, Ind.: Your departmentals are written very cleverly. The Joke Department is quite complete. On the whole a very good paper.

Anvil: Your Literary Department is quite lengthy. However, a few more cuts would improve your paper. We think it a good idea to allow the under classmen to print one number.

Said and Done: "Purchasing Slaves for a Villa" was very unique. "Pauline Page" is also good, but why not give the Exchange a more important position?

Delphian, Providence, R. I.:

Your paper is fine, but would be bettered by the addition of a few more cuts. However, we do not agree about the Joke Department. We think that original jokes are best, of course, but borrowed ones are better than none at all. Also, even if these jokes are printed in more than one high school paper as a rule no one except the editors of these various papers see magazines from other towns.

The Log: Your paper is as interesting as ever. Your cartoons are immensely clever, and your covers are always so neat.

The Comet: Cover designs and cuts very attractive. You certainly have a fine supply of ads. On the whole your paper is exceptionally good.



BASKETBALL

F. W. H. S. Independents Lose to C. C. H. S.—Slow Start Proves Fatal

On April 1, before a crowd which packed Library Hall to its doors, an independent five representing F. W. H. S. was defeated by the varsity quintet of the C. C. H. S. by the score of 33 to 22. The long desired match was one of the best games of the season, and had aroused much enthusiasm among the supporters of both teams.

The victory was well earned, however, as the independents, after a tame start, finally got under way and forced their rivals to extend themselves to the utmost all the way. The independents, confident that they could down the Catholics on their own floor, challenged them to another game to be played at the Smart gym. The defi was accepted, but warm weather prevented the playing of the

game. It is, therefore, left to the team of next year to even up the score with our rivals.

Logan started his mates on their way to victory in the early moments of the game with a basket from the field and following a lengthy period of lively scrimmaging, repeated. Wilkens then broke the ice for the independents, tallying from the field, soon after which the Catholics forged well to the front, leading 17 to 8 at the half.

The ten minute rest worked wonders with our fellows, who immediately upon resumption of play staged a rally that brought them within six points of a tie before it was halted. From this on the scoring alternated until near the close the Centrals again shot to the front and led by eleven points when the final whistle blew. In the preliminary the F. W. H. S. seconds won over the C. C. H. S. seconds in an interesting match by the score of 26 to 17.

The line-up and summary:

C.C.H.S. (33) F.W.H.S. Indeps. (22)
 Logan..... R FNipper
 Doriot..... L FLachot
 Suelzer..... CWilkins
 Bushman..... R GWhite
 Zurbuch..... L GWaterfield
 Summary: Field Goals: Logan, 10;
 Doriot, 2; Suelzer; Zurbuch, 2; Lachot,
 3; Nipper, 3; Wilkins, 3; Waterfield, 2.
 Foul Goals: Logan, 3. Referee: Geller.

Basketball Letters and Numerals Awarded

On Tuesday, April 22, a "pep" meeting was held in the auditorium of the high school and every student was excused from his second hour class to attend the meeting. The main purpose of the meeting was to present the basketball players, both boys and girls, varsity and class teams, with letters and numerals.

A fine program had been arranged and it was carried out in fine shape. First we had a violin solo by Miss Mabelle Figel, then a few selections by Melvin Honeck on his saxophone, a cornet solo by Fred Wenzler and a few piano selections by Lester Wahrenburg. Mr. Croninger then talked to us a few moments and then turned over the meeting to Mr. Greeley. He told us how athletics stood in high school, and brought out again as to why athletics has not been better in our school—that thing which most people are now acquainted with—*ineligibility*. We could have had a much better basketball team if the fellows had kept up their school work and had stayed eligible.

The awarding of numerals to the class teams and letters to the varsity teams then took place. Members of all the teams went upon the stage and received their numerals or letters from Mr. Greeley. Cheers were given for the different teams, Mr. Greeley, Miss Wingert, Mr. Northrop and Mr. Croninger. The fellows on the class teams who received their class numerals were:

Freshmen: Possel, Dunlap, Cour, Zuber.

Sophomores: Bitner, Deister, Shultz, Adams, Broyer, Large and English.

Juniors: Thomas, Wenzlor, Taylor, Kigar, Krimmel.

Seniors: Coburn, Caris, Bloom, Gaskins, Brommelmeyer.

The fellows on the varsity who received the school emblem were: Lachot, White, Wilder, Waterfield, Meyers, Stephens, Campbell, Berghoff, Nipper.

The girls on the varsity who received letters were: Umbach, Schwehn, Banks, Crawford, Gerberding, Ingham, Brueckner, Warner.

After the awarding of the letters, Mr. Scott, of the Y. M. C. A., gave us a very interesting talk.

Wilder Elected Captain

The varsity basketball squad elected Courtland Wilder to the position of captain for next year's team. Only three fellows were eligible for the position, as the remainder of the squad are Seniors and will graduate. "Court," we are sure, will take care of his job in fine style. He is a good steady player and held his position on the team all season. He will, no doubt, be the pilot of a winning team next year, as much good material will be available if the fellows stay eligible. Here's to the best of luck, Wilder!

BASEBALL

'Varsity Wins First Game of Season—Defeats Decatur by 13 to 4 Score

Five hundred baseball fans, the greater part of them loyal high school students, saw our nine defeat Decatur High School at League Park Friday, April 25, in the opening game of the season by a score of 13 to 4.

The line-ups were as follows:

Fort Wayne High School: Hosey, shortstop; Schmidt, second base; Meyers, first base; Possel, center field; White, pitcher; Spaid, third base; Caris, right field; Mulholland, left field; Deister, catcher. Utility: Taylor, Stephens, Sheiman.

Decatur High School: Peterson, shortstop, Ross, second base; Teeple, first base; Durkus, center field; Archbold, pitcher; Balzell, third base; McConhay, right field; Case, left field; Meyers, catcher; Hyland, utility.

Score by Innings:

Decatur 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0—4
 Fort Wayne... 2 0 0 7 0 4 0 0 *—13

JOKES

Frue Smith: "Who is that pretty girl standing over there with a bathing suit on?"

R. Hobrock: "I don't know. I didn't look at her face."

* * *

A New Haven minister closed his remarks at a funeral by saying: "An opportunity will now be given to pass around the bier."

* * *

Watt: "Feel this hat. Did you feel it?"

Deister: "Yes."

Watt: "What is it?"

Irv: "It's felt."

* * *

Gould: "What is the best way to raise cabbage?"

P. Hemri Hobrock: "With a knife and fork."

R. Fishack: "Do you like music?"

Shelton: "Sure, very much."

R. F.: "Listen to the band around my hat."

* * *

AN APPROPRIATE EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Saxaphone Honeck,
A member of Fort Wayne High Band;
His rattles and bangs laid many to sleep,
But here he lies now in the sand.

* * *

The O. D. was making the rounds of outposts to see if all of the sentries, some of whom were new at the game, were walking their posts properly.

Pvt. Dink spied him approaching in the fading twilight.

He wished to impress the O. D. with his military bearing.

He said, sharply: "Halt! Look who goes there." He is now out of the guard-house.

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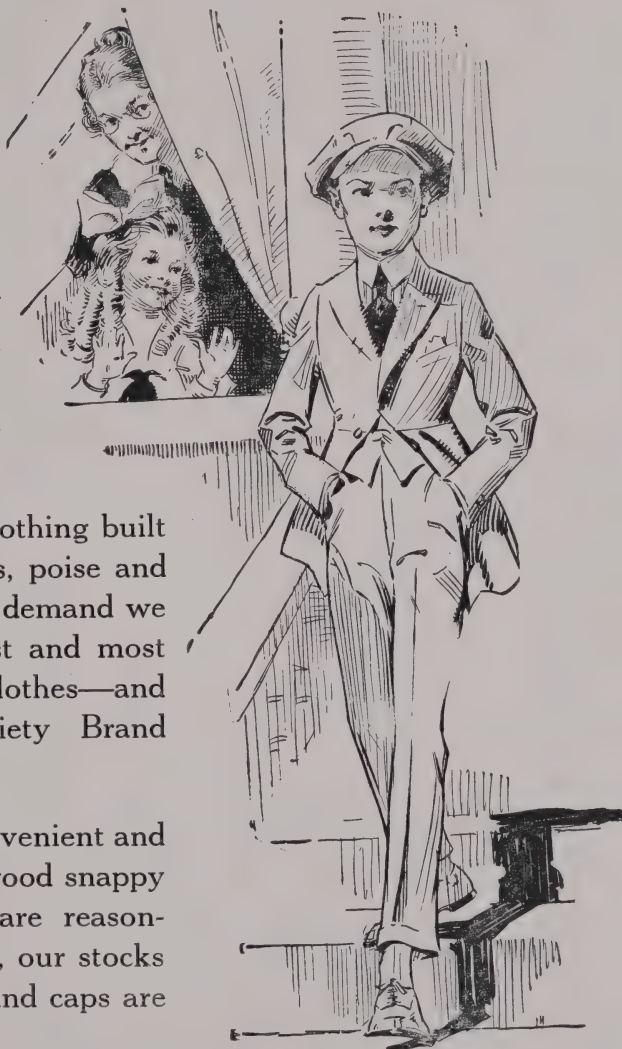
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THE GOLD BUG

(Continued from page 24.)

During this time Harold and Eli had done all they dared for fear of bringing up suspicion against them. Eli did little more than watch for Cal to ride by on her wonderful horse. The more he had heard of his detective's failure, the more he decided on telling Cal everything and risk winning her over. When he heard the detective was coming back empty-handed, he went again to see Cal.

Then he unfolded to her the truth, about the swindling game, Corey's desire for honesty and his endeavor to pay back investors, showed her his dad's letters to him, the gold bug nugget, the code in the book and and told her he was now at her mercy because of the detective's failure! At first she was incredulous; but as the truth was opened to her, she saw her great mistake with horror and sorrow. Where was Corey now? Yes! She would find out!

And she did, from Lee; not without some difficulty, however. He was held by men in Japan, and a cablegram to the detective agency there did the work. Corey was on his way to California in short time, unknown to Lee.

When he arrived under assumed name in Los Angeles, a skeleton of his former self, a man with broken spirits and gray hair, Lee and Smith were arrested, as were the directors in Indianapolis.

It was a big story for the papers. All were sent to penitentiary; Corey's share from the sale of the mines was awarded him; the investors of the mines were paid back, and the new swindling company was broken up. Corey bought the rest of the stock and owned a controlling interest in the new company, renamed the Oro Copia Mining and Milling Company. Through all this mess, though, no word was given out about the rich find made by Corey in his escape from the mine. People thought he had lost his mind, to go investing in those old mines so heavily! When they learned the truth, there was some surprise! But it leaked out through Eli — for love knows no bounds!

Suffice it to say that Cal liked Eli the minute she saw him—he was "different," evidently, and a Hoosier too. And he told her of his share of the mine, and of its great value—and wondered mildly if his income wouldn't support them both! It is; and they and theirs are living happily in Glendale, California.

On the Music Shelf

- "How Dry I Am"—John Watt.
 "Mary"—Mary Eunice Eaton.
 "I Want to Learn to Dance"—Shelton.
 "Smiles"—Ed Thomas.
 "When You Wake up Dancing"—Porterfield.
 "Since I Met Wonderful You"—Irm-scher.
 "I Hate to Lose You"—Margaret Albersmeyer.
 "Oh, Frenchy!"—Bab Urbahns.
 "Before I Met You"—M. Irm-scher.
 "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl"—Fishack.
 "Dancing Will Keep You Young"—Baade.
 "Some Little Girl"—Isabelle Freeman.
 "When I Went to School with You"—Marjorie King.
 "When I'm Looking at You"—Giles.
 "Lil 'Liza Jane"—Babe Dixon.
 "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"—Travers.
 "Go 'Way, Girls"—Lachot.
 "I'm Going to Find a Girl"—Epstein.
 "Siren o' Song"—Sorosiss Quartet.
 "Mickey"—Helen Mikesell.
 "Ja Da"—Florence Gruber.
 "How You Gonna Keep 'Em down on the Farm?"—Irene Giles.
 "Kisses"—Irene Liggett.
 "Memories"—Glen Davis.
 "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"—R. Glass.
 "Garden of My Dreams"—Leola Strieder.
 "The First Time"—Katherine Lose.
 "Oh, Boy!"—Lucille Simpson.
 "Dear Old Pal of Mine"—Margaret Ann Keegan.
 "Meow"—Marjorie King.
 "There Is Somebody Waiting for Me"—Quicksell.
 "She Is Waiting Yet"—Baade.
 "Tell Me Why Lou Love Me"—L. Franke.
 "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl"—E. Wilson.
 "Susquehanna Sue"—Susanne Lenne Moffatt.

Latest Musical Hits

- "Going Up"—Mr. Reising.
 "Flo-Flo"—Florence Merritt.

- "Very Good, Eddie"—Ed White.
 "Oh! Look"—Ruth Glass.
 "The Jungle Trail"—Freshies' first day at F. W. H. S.
 "Head over Heels"—To the lunch room.
 "Old Lady 31"—Hillis Drayer.
 "Remnant"—Heinie Hobrock.
 "Salome"—Florence Gruber.
 "The Squaw Man"—Percy Gaskins.
 "Odds and Ends"—Hildegard Schick.
 "The Kiss Burglar"—Dick Waterfield.

LATIN!

Puer et puella
 Ambulat together
 Magna sub umbrella
 Vocant dee the weather
 Very slippery via,
 Pedes slid from under,
 Triste, triste, blunder!
 Cadit on the ground,
 Sees a lot of stellae.

Adolescens hastens
 Allevare his puella.
 "Fustice!" exclamat,
 "Relinque me alone!
 Numquam dici tibi
 'Til you for this atone!"
 Non diutius do they
 Ambulat together,
 Numquam speak as they pass by,
 Non etiam de weather.

—Insight.

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

(Continued from page 26)

she acquired her art of singing. After Galli Curc's records were given, Miss Bond played several other records, such as—the French folk songs, the old Irish songs, and really, truly Chinese band pieces. We considered our Galli-Curci musical a huge success.

As usual the Friendship club blossomed out fresh and fine on May morning with a "May Morning Breakfast" at the Y. W. Yellow and white was the predominating color. The waitresses wore little yellow and white caps and aprons. About ten dollars was cleared, most of the profit being given to the Y. W. Wouldn't you liked to have been one of the girls who helped to make this affair a success?
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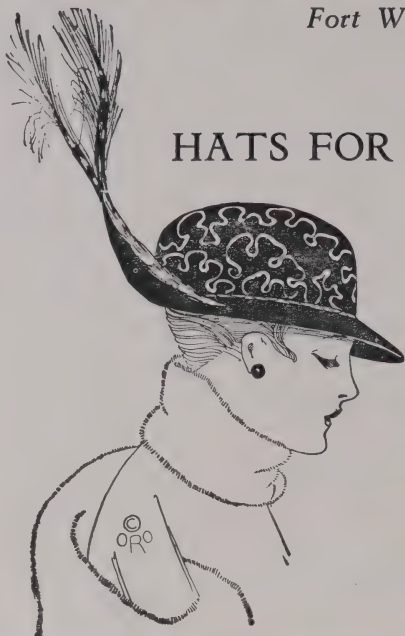
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"Go to war," the housewife said
To the bum who begged for bread.

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For of Sherman he had read,
And he "got her" when she said: "Go
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